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CINDERS

BY

LILY TINSLEY

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CINDERS

BY

LILY TINSLEY

Part author with George Conquest of "Devil's Luck," produced
at the Surrey Theatre

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CHARACTERS.

JACK WARRENER, a briefless barrister.

AMELIA ANN, otherwise "CINDERS"—daughter of JACK'S laundress.

SCENE.—JACK'S chambers in the Temple.

TIME.—Seven o'clock in the morning.

LENGTH OF REPRESENTATION.—Twenty-five minutes.

DRESS FOR CINDERS.—(She is to look about seventeen.) Short torn skirt ; dirty apron with bib ; old blouse, sleeves turned up ; old tawdry hat, hair in plait, big fringe.

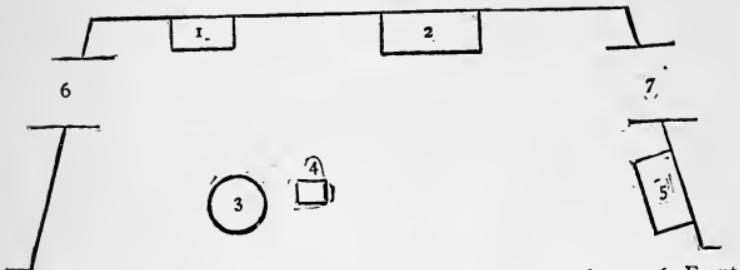
FOR JACK.—Evening dress ; long light overcoat ; hat ; gloves ; trousers' pockets empty.

PROPERTIES FOR CINDERS.—Dirty little newspaper parcel in bib of apron ; housemaid's box with tray, cinders in box and two old gloves (gent's) ; in tray, china jam pot with black lead brush ; short brush (to polish), short black broom, paper, matches, bundle of wood and short shovel.

FOR JACK.—Cigarettes ; matches ; pocket-book, in it two lottery-tickets ; half crown in waistcoat pocket ; bunch of lilies of the valley in dress coat buttonhole ; letter to throw in, lightly stuck down.

SCENE PLOT.

GOOD CHAMBER SET.



1. Rack. 2. Bookcase. 3. Table. 4. Armchair. 5. Fireplace. 6. Front door with practical letter-box. 7. Door.

PROPERTY PLOT.

Wig and gown hanging on nail in flat at back. Two briefs, papers, 2 glasses, jug of water, bottle of brandy, photo in frame on table C.

Fire-irons; cinders in fireplace; ornaments on shelf; letter on floor near door R. Letter to throw in, lightly stuck down.



CINDERS.

SCENE.—Good chamber-scene, doors R. (with practical letter-box) and L. Wig and gown hanging on nail on door R., small table down R., arm-chair L. of table, on table two briefs, papers, two glasses, bottle of brandy, jug of water, photo in frame, letter lying on floor at back R., stove L., fender and fire-irons, cinders in fireplace, odd things on shelf.

NOTE.—Letters in italic in words in Cinders' part to be sounded.

CINDERS. (*outside*) May I come in? (*enters door R.*) Good-morning, Mr. Warrent—H'oh ! 'e ain't 'ere, hain't h'up yet. And the door left h'unfastined h'as usual ! There'll be a murder or a burgleery done in these 'ere chambers one of these days, and nobody won't know nothink abart it, as sure as my nime's—Cinders. Hello ! (*picks up letter*) 'ere's a letter fer 'im. That's funny—cos the post ain't in yet. Wonder if it's h'anythink h'important, and I h'oughter wake 'im h'up and give it ter 'im. (*looks towards door L.*) No, t'ain't come by post nither. T'aint got no stamp on it. A pinky h'envelope and a silver what-d'ye-call-it, monogram—fer all the world like a valentine. And, my ! (*smelling it*) don't it small nice ! Looks like as how it was from one of 'is swall friends. Wonder if it's a lidy ? (*thinking*) Oh, wall ! It ain't nothink ter do with me. (*crosses L. and puts letter on shelf behind something*) I'd best be a-lightin' 'is fire. (*takes box and kneels down by grate, begins to rake out fire, stops*) Lor ! I'm forgettin' them gloves. Not as 'ow they're much use, my 'ands is allus a bit grimy with siftin' cinders all day long, but mother sez as 'ow it looks a bit more respectful, and she ought'er know. She lived amongst the swalls afore she left sarvice, an' took

ter doin' fer young gents 'ere in the Temple, 'cept when her rheumatics is too bad, and I 'as ter come instid. An' these 'ere is a pair of Mr. Warrenter's (*looking in box lid*) I likes a-doin' fer Mr. Warrenter, 'e's so civil and pleasant spokent like—not like Mr. Quiverquill h'upsteers, (*action with thumb*) 'as ain't 'ad a civil word fer nobody since 'e come a Q. C. and took silk, tho' what 'e took it fer I dunno. Where is them gloves? (*looks in box*) Oh! 'ere they are along of No. 48's rubbish. (*shakes dust out of gloves and puts them on*) They're amost too good, but Mr. Warrenter 'e chucks 'em away. E's a h'awful swall is Mr. Warrenter, though they do say in the Court as 'ow 'e ain't 'ad a single cliint, as they calls 'em, ever since 'e come 'ere. My! don't 'e dress! Shan't ferget the fust time I seed 'im. 'E was all in brarn (*counts on fingers*)—brarn coat, brarn weskit, brarn trarsers, brarn boots and a brarn 'at. I sez to myself, I sez—Na (*now*), where's them matches? O, lor' I keeps h'on a-losin' things this mornin'. Wonder if Mr. Warrenter left h'any of 'is fusees abart? (*gets up and looks on table, sees photo, takes it up*) Hello! what's this? Ain't seed this afore. Portrite of a young lidy. My! ain't she a swell! In a fur coat and a 'at all over fevvers. (*slowly*) Wonder who she is, and 'ow 'e come by it? Maybe it's 'is sister, though she ain't much like 'im—

Enter JACK R., smoking cigarette. He is pale and slightly nervous and preoccupied in manner.

JACK. Hallo! What are you doing there at my table? Oh! it's you, is it, Cinders?

CINDERS. Yes, Mr. Warrenter.—Good morning, sir.—Beggin' yer parding I was only a-lookin' fer the matches.—It's me! (*a little flurried, stares hard at JACK*)

JACK. So it seems. Your mother not able to come again?

CINDERS. No, sir. Her rheumatics is a bit bad this mornin'.

JACK. So I expected. I met her in the Court when I went out last night.

CINDERS. Yes, sir! She'd been a-marketin'.

JACK. Yes. I noticed she'd got more than she could carry. (*comes down L. of table*)

CINDERS. She sent 'er respectful compliments, Mr. Warrenter, and 'oped as 'ow you wouldn't mind me

a-comin' instid. (*Kneels down at stove. Goes on brushing it*)

JACK. Not at all ! I'm getting quite used to it. (*sits on arm of arm-chair*) But, I say, Cinders, I wish you wouldn't call me "Warrenger." It's not my name, and I'm not a Sheriff's Officer.

CINDERS. (*stopping work*) Ain't it, Mr. Warrenger ? I begs yer pardon, I thought as 'ow it was, being something ter do with the *lore* (*law*).

JACK. Not bad for you, Cinders ! But if I were you I wouldn't begin making jokes quite so early in the morning. Talking of names, "Cinders" isn't your real name, I suppose ? Who gave it to you ? Not your godfather and godmothers in your baptism, eh ?

CINDERS. Lor, sir—no ! Never 'ad none as 'ow I know'd of. (*quickly*) One farver and mother like I've got's quite enough fer any gel—'specially when there's any amarnt more of yer.

JACK. Any amount more of you ! I thought you were an only child.

CINDERS. Me h'a h'only child ! Don't I wish I was. Maybe we'd be a bit better off then. No, sir, there's seven of us, all boys, leastways 'cept-in' me. I'm the only gel.

JACK. Seven of you ! No wonder your mother sometimes has a drop too—I mean, sometimes has the rheumatics. And so "Cinders" is your name, because you can't afford any other !

CINDERS. No, sir ! I was christianed H'Amely H'Ann.

JACK. H'Amely H'Ann ? Oh, I see—you mean Amelia Ann.

CINDERS. Yes, sir, that's it. H'Amely H'Ann. Do sound a bit grand, don't it ! A'most too grand fer me ! Mother she give it me fer luck. It was the nime of 'er last mistress afore she left sERVICE and married farver—and wished she 'adn't ! The party'd been a cook onct, and when mother know'd 'er, (*proudly*) she was a reel live lidy, the wife of a barynite.—(*shyly*) But I likes to be called "Cinders" best.

JACK. Indeed ! Why ? Who did give you the name ?

CINDERS. Why lor', sir ! You did.

JACK. Did I ! Very rude of me, I'm sure. (*takes off overcoat slowly, puts over back of chair and sits*)

CINDERS. No, sir, it wasn't. Said as 'ow you never

seed me without this 'ere cinder-box, and I ain't never been called nothink else ever since, and— (turns and sees WARRENER) Lor ! Mr. War-ren-ter— (gets up, with black broom in hand)

JACK. Hallo ! what's the matter ?

CINDERS ! Yer do look jest— (admiring JACK up and down)

JACK. Just what ?

CINDERS. Jest (clasps broom) lovely. I allus know'd as 'ow yer was a swall. But my, yer do look—a reg-ler h'art an' h'arter (out and outer).

JACK. Here ! I say, Cinders. Not too many compliments before breakfast, please. Haven't you ever seen a fellow in evening dress before ?

CINDERS. No, sir. Oh, yes, I did onct. It was at the theayter, Dury Lane. In a mealy drama, I think they calls it. 'E'd got a dimint here as big as a h'egg right in the middle of 'is shirt-front. (pointing to spot on self with thumb) Not as 'ow 'e looked no better than you, sir, fer all that.

JACK. No. Of course not.

CINDERS. And 'e worsn't the right sort of gentleman, nither. Kep' h'on a-follerin' the 'eroine abart (action with broom) and makin' love to 'er, somethink shameful, when all the time she was a-courting with another feller.

JACK. I suppose she married "the other fella," and they lived happily ever afterwards ?

CINDERS. Oh, yes, it all comed right in the ent. But I couldn't sleep fer nights fer thinking abart it. (goes on with stove)

JACK. Here, I say, you aren't stage struck I hope, Cinders ; not thinking of going on the stage yourself, I mean ?

CINDERS. (stops doing stove) Me go on the stige ! H'act ! No, sir. Not h'unless it was in the ballet. I dances sometimes to a pianoforte h'orgin as plays regler in the Court o' Saturday nights, and folk sez it's as good as a pantymime. But somehow, I ain't no fancy fer it. Blacking stoves and picking up cinders all day long ain't up ter much, but when it comes ter blacking yer eyes and painting yer face, somehow it don't seem respectful. 'Sides, who'd do yer fire fer yer when mother couldn't. No, I don't think as 'ow I'll go on the stige, Mr. War-renter ! (goes on with stove)

JACK. That's right, keep off it as long as you can.

CINDERS. Anyway, it's as good as a theayter—me a-
gooin' the stove, and you a'sittin' there in yer h'evelin'
dress. (*rakes stove*)

JACK. I appreciate the compliment, (*flacking himself with handkerchief*) and the dust ! (CINDERS gets up and goes to table behind JACK, *puts water in black-lead pot from water-jug, stirs with brush. Sees button-hole*)

CINDERS. And, lor' !—what a lovely buttin'ole ! Lilies of the walley, ain't it ? Most gents gets 'emselves h'up with a bunch of wilets, but them there's the very thing fer you.

JACK. Glad you like my taste. As it happens I didn't buy them for myself, but for—for a friend. But the luck was against me, and we didn't meet last night. (*takes out lilies and puts in glass on table during speech*)

CINDERS. Is that why you've been art so h'early this mornin' sir ? (*kneels down to stove and remains kneeling at work at it, occasionally stopping to face around towards JACK. Lays fire towards end*)

JACK. Been out so early ? Come home so late you mean. (*looking at watch*) Eight o'clock, by Jove ! It is about time I turned in.

CINDERS. You mean as 'ow yer ain't been ter bed all night ! Lor', Mr. Warrenter ! wherever 'ave yer been ? To the theayter ?

JACK. No, Cinders. The Club—an All-night sitting over the Devil's picture books, if you know what that means. (*action as with cards*)

CINDERS. You mean as 'ow you've been a card-playin', Mr. Warrenter ?

JACK. That's it, Cinders. Yesterday—I may as well tell you as anyone else—I lost £50,—last night, or rather this morning, I played to win it back, and—

CINDERS. Lost agin ! Folks allus does, as wants ter win !

JACK. Yes, lost again ! Another fifty !

CINDERS. You've lost fifty parnd (£50), Mr. Warrenter !

JACK. No, Cinders, a hundred !

CINDERS. £100, Mr. Warrenter ! But you'll pay it back ?

JACK. Pay it back ! £100 ! Why, I've hardly so many shillings in the world till my uncle dies and leaves

me his money. I *was* a fool and no mistake. By-the-bye, I wonder what I did with those lottery tickets. Oh! here they are! (*takes out pocket-book, takes out tickets, puts them back again*)

CINDERS. Lor', Mr. Warrenter, I *am* sorry!

JACK. Oh, well, it's no use crying over spilt milk. I shall get out of the mess somehow, I suppose. I don't mind so long—(*looking at portrait, unseen by CINDERS*) as it doesn't get to the ears of somebody who has a rooted aversion to cards, and happens to be the father of somebody who doesn't happen to have a rooted aversion to me.

CINDERS. (*aside*) I wonder what it means—not 'avin' a rooted aversion?

JACK. But thanks for your sympathy all the same, Cinders. I always knew you had a motherly heart under all that—dust.

CINDERS. It's the cinders, sir. But you're wrong about the 'eart, Mr. Warrenter. I ain't got none. Leastways, Jem Stone sez so.

JACK. Jem Stone, who's he?

CINDERS. Allus comes ter tea a-Sunday, and brings srimps.

JACK. *Always* shrimps, Cinders?

CINDERS. No, sir, sometimes it's creases. Onct on my birfday it was sprats.

JACK. But what have shrimps and creases and sprats to do with your having no heart? What made him say that?

CINDERS. (*hesitates, and holding out gloved hand*) Well, sir, 'e wants ter sit and 'old my 'and, and I don't like it!

JACK. Wants to sit and hold your hand! Here, I say, Cinders, you haven't got a sweetheart, have you? As your legal adviser, I mean, godfather, I can't allow that, you know!

CINDERS. Well, sir, 'e ain't much of a one.

JACK. I don't know. Shrimps and creases and sprats and wanting to sit and hold your hand, sounds very like real bona fide—courting! Anything else?

CINDERS. Yes, sir. When 'e goes, 'e gives me a kiss and mother 'arf a crarn! (*2s 6d*)

JACK. And you don't like that, either?

CINDERS. No, sir, I'd rather 'ave the 'arf crarn. (*slap-dash*)

JACK. Oh, Cinders, you are all alike !

“ Oh, woman ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel, thou.”

CINDERS. (*facing him, hands out*) You ain’t a-call-
ing me a minstreling h’angel, h’are yer, Mr. Warrenter ?

JACK. Well, no, Cinders, you don’t exactly look like
one. (*pause*)

CINDERS. Mr. Warrenter !

JACK. Well ?

CINDERS. Yer don’t mind very much, do yer ?

JACK. Mind ! Mind what ?

CINDERS. Abart Jem—and the kissin’ ?

JACK. Mind ! No. Why should I ? Oh, you mean,
as your legal godfather. No, of course not. Why should
I ? I say, Cinders, would you mind if *I* were to give you
a kiss ? (*not spoonily*)

CINDERS. (*turns*) You give me a kiss, Mr. Warrenter !
Lor’, sir, I never dreemt er sich a thing ! I’m too—too
dusty. (*Stuck. Rubs right hand across mouth and
back, taking off glove*)

JACK. I didn’t say I was going to do it. I said “ would
you mind ? ”

CINDERS. No, sir—(*shyly*)—not if you and me was
a-courtin’.

JACK. You and I courting ! Oh, Cinders, you’ll be
the death of me. (*laughs*)

CINDERS. (*dashed*) Yes, I suppose it do seem a bit
rediculous. (*pause. Puts match to fire, it does not burn
up. Stops*) Mr. Warrenter,—’ave you—I suppose you
'ave got a sweetheart, ain’t yer ?

JACK. Rather !

CINDERS. Ye mean as ‘ow yer engid and goin’ ter be
married ? (*drops match*)

JACK. That’s it, Cinders. Though with debts a hun-
dred and odd pounds, and assets nil, there doesn’t seem
much chance of it at present. But we live in hopes,
though.

CINDERS. Engaged and goin’ ter be married ! I
never thought abart that. (*Aside. Change in man-*

ner, but not too great, thoughtful, turning head to look at JACK now and then, and then looking quickly away)

JACK. Thought of what, Cinders?

CINDERS. About you being a-courtin'.

JACK. Thought you and Jem had it all your own way, with the shrimps, and sprats and creases. Not a bit of it, I can tell you. (*short pause. CINDERS goes on with stove, then stops, repeats at each pause*)

CINDERS. I suppose she's a—a somebody?

JACK. A--what?

CINDERS. A fine lidy?

JACK. She is a lady to the tips of her dear little fingers, bless her!

CINDERS. What's 'er nime? S'pose it's something grand, not like H'Amely, H'Ann--er—Cinders.

JACK. No! It is rather prettier than either, though I wasn't her godfather.

CINDERS. What is it, then?

JACK. Millicent Ruth. "Innocent Truth" I call her—for she's never told me anything but the truth ever since I've known her--told me if I touched the cards I should—

CINDERS. (*duelly*) Come a cropper?

JACK. Well, no, she didn't put it quite like that; but, by Jove, she was right, after what happened last night. I was a fool and no mistake. (*slight pause*)

CINDERS. Mr. Warrenter?

JACK. Well?

CINDERS. I s'pose I h'ain't a lidy, am I?

JACK. No, Cinders, not exactly.

CINDERS. And I h'ain't h'innercent, nither—'ears too many bad words in the street fer that.

JACK. That's not your fault. But I hope you *do* speak the truth, Cinders?

CINDERS. No, I don't—not allus. (*savagely*) Sometimes I tells lies, h'awful black lies (*a little break in voice*), when I'm tired, and sick of sifting cinders all diy long.

JACK. Poor Cinders. (*short pause*)

CINDERS. Mr. Warrenter?

JACK. Well?

CINDERS. What's she like?

JACK. She—whom?

CINDERS. She as you're a-courtin'. Miss H'Innercent Truth, as yer calls 'er. Is she pretty?

JACK. Pretty as a picture!

CINDERS. (*pointing to portrait on table*) Is that there 'er portrite?

JACK. Yes! that's her portrait. (*takes it up*)

CINDERS. I know'd it. (*pause*) Pretty, rich, and a lidy. No wonder 'e laughs and makes fun of me. We ain't ter be mintioned in the same breff. She's a bit of coal as flames up bright and sparklin', as folks is pleased ter see. I'm only a bit o' cinder—gray and dirty (*shovelling up cinders*), and fit to be chucked away in the dust-cart. (*putting cinders into box. Pause*) And yer loves 'er very much, Mr. Warrenter? (*miserably, looking at him quickly over shoulders and away*)

JACK. Oh, yes! My intentions are strictly honorable.

CINDERS. What does that mean? (*mechanically*)

JACK. It means that if anything were to part Milly and me—well, I hope it won't, that's all! By-the-by has the post come in yet? I am expecting a letter about a lottery that I'm interested in.

CINDERS. (*duddy*) No, sir. The post hain't in yet. But, lor', I clean forgot. There is a letter fer yer. (*gets up and looks for it on shelf*)

JACK. A letter for me? And the post not in?

CINDERS. 'Tain't come by post; leastways 'tain't got no stamp on it. Looks as if it had been rammed in the letter-box all in a 'urry.

JACK. Oh! a bill, or a threatening letter of some sort, I suppose. Is it in a blue envelope?

CINDERS. No, sir; a pinky one, with a silver—what-d'ye-call-it—monogram. (*finds letter*)

JACK. A silver monogram? Why, it must be from Milly. Here, hand it over, Cinders. (*rises*)

CINDERS. Oh, Lor', sir, I've been and gone and smudged it.

JACK. You little fool!

CINDERS. Yer ain't angry, Mr. Warrenter? I didn't do it a-purpose.

JACK. There, no. Hand it over—and get on with your fire. (*takes letter. Aside*) It is from Milly. (*sits*) What on earth can she have written about? (*opens letter and sits staring. CINDERS turns and gets up*)

CINDERS. Lor', Mr. Warrenter! What's the matter? Whatever is it?

JACK. Matter! I've been a bigger fool than I thought, that's all.

CINDERS. Is it from 'er, Miss H'Innercent Truth ? What does she say ?

JACK. (*goes to put letter in pocket. Nods*) There ! read it for yourself, that is, if you can ? (*gives letter*)

CINDERS. Oh, yes, sir. I can do that. The School Board is allus a-worritin' mother's 'eart abart some of us, And this 'ere is plain as print. (*reads slowly and distinctly; drops h's*) "Dear Jack : Farver—has just—come in—from—the—Club. He has heard of your—gambling debts, and—is—in—a fearful rage. He declares that—unless you pay—off—every—penny, and promise never to touch cards again, the engagement is at an end between us." But you'll pay the debts, Mr. Warrenter ? (*gives back letter*)

JACK. Pay ! Don't I tell you—Cinders, do you know what it is to be stony-broke ?

CINDERS. Stony-broke ! Lor', sir, father ain't never been nothink else ever since I know'd 'im.

JACK. Then I'm stony-broke, Cinders. Look here. (*stands up, pulls out pockets, and holds up half a crown*) Here's all the available cash I've got in the world—half a crown. Pay ! I'm as likely to pay as the man in the moon. (*sits*)

CINDERS. Then the engagement's broke off ?

JACK. Yes, it's all over between Milly and— (*drops head in hands over table*)

CINDERS. Lor', Mr. Warrenter, what's the matter ? Yer ain't ill, are yer ? 'Ere, 'ang on ter me—put yer 'ead on my shoulder—I don't mind. Oh, lor', sir, don't, you're a-crumpling that luvly shirt front !

JACK. Here, I say, what's the matter ? (*lifts head*)

CINDERS. You was took ill, Mr. Warrenter. But you're better na'. (*now*) You are better, ain't you ?

JACK. Yes, I'm all right. Don't make a fuss.

CINDERS. But yer do look bad. (*fearfully*) You ain't a-goin' ter die, are yer ?

JACK. (*rising*) Die ? No, never say die ! This room is so confoundedly hot—and I ate nothing all day yesterday. That's what's the matter.

CINDERS. Ain't eaten nothink since the day afore yesterday ? My, yer must be empty ! Ain't there nothink in the 'ouse ? If so be yer wouldn't mind me a-mintion-in' of it, mother allus gives me my dinner when I comes out, fer fear there ain't none left when I gets back.

(takes parcel out of apron bib and opens it) It 'appens as 'ow it's somethink particlar nice this mornin'—'art a pork pie or a cold saveloy. If so be as you'd 'ave a bit, Mr. Warrenter, I'd be mighty proud. (opens parcel)

JACK. No, thank you, Cinders. (shudders) I'd rather have a drink. (pours out brandy)

CINDERS. (puts parcel back in bib) What's that, Mr. Warrenter? Not brandy? Oh, lor', sir, don't! It's been the ruink er farver. He keeps 'issel pretty right all the year round, but safe as it comes ter Boxin' Day, 'e treats 'issel to a bottle (turns slightly away), an' then mother 'as ter go an' bail 'im art. (turns again) Let me make yer a cup of tea. I'm a capital 'and at makin' a cup er tea.

JACK. What, with a fire like that? (sits)

CINDERS. Don't seem as 'ow it will burn this mornin'. (kneels at grate)

JACK. Here! (taking up briefs) Burn these. (throws them to her. Drinks, gets a little reckless in manner, not drunk)

CINDERS. Lor', sir, ain't they very valuable? (examining them) Why! there ain't nothing writ inside 'em!

JACK. No, Cinders, they are all a sham, every one of them, like the rest of the world. Put Messrs. John Doe and Richard Roe on the fire.

CINDERS. And yer can't pay the debts no'ow? Ain't there nothink yer could sell?

JACK. Nothing—except a pile of old clothes. Though there is my wig and gown. They're new enough!

CINDERS. I wouldn't sell yer wig and gown, Mr. Warrenter; yer might want 'em. I seed yer in 'em onct, sir.

JACK. Indeed! When was that? (drinks)

CINDERS. Outside the Lore Courts. I didn't like to speak ter yer.

JACK. Oh, yes, must give them an airing sometimes.

CINDERS. Lor', sir, was they as damp as all that? Yer oughter 'ave let mother 'ave 'em. She'd 'ave give 'em a airin' afore the kitchen fire. And there ain't nothink else, sir?

JACK. Don't I tell you, half a crown is all I possess in the world except—I was forgetting those lottery tickets. (takes them out) But nobody would be such a fool as to buy them of me. They are sure not to be worth the

paper they are printed on. Here, Cinders, here's a present for you. (*holds out ticket*; CINDERS *gets up and takes it*.)

CINDERS. Lor', sir, what is it? A five pound note?

JACK. No, Cinders. I haven't any of those to spare just at present. It's a lottery ticket. Take care of it; if your number's drawn you win a thousand pounds.

CINDERS. A thousand pounds! How much is that?

JACK. £1,000! (*silly laugh*) Didn't think there was so much money in the world, did you?

CINDERS. But—why are yer giving it ter me if so be you want money so badly yerself? You might win.

JACK. I, win! I'm the unluckiest fellow in the world. Never won sixpence in my life. That's why I was such a fool to touch the cards. They are so much waste paper to me. So I'll be generous for once. Maybe it will bring me luck. (*puts other ticket on table*)

CINDERS. But what shall I have to do if I win?

JACK. I know what I should do.

CINDERS. What?

JACK. Why, marry you straight away.

CINDERS. (*breathlessly*) You, marry me, Mr. Warrenger? But I ain't a lidy?

JACK. Every woman with a thousand pounds in hard cash is that, Cinders. You'd find plenty of fellows who'd think so. But mind, I have first claim.

CINDERS. But I shoul'nt like yer ter be ashimed of me.

JACK. Oh, I'd soon teach you manners.

CINDERS. Wouldn't it take a long time?

JACK. Then I'd marry you first (*slap dash*) and "make a lidy of you," afterwards. Perhaps it wouldn't take quite so long as you think.

CINDERS. (*slowly*) Maybe not, if you was the teacher.

JACK. It's a bargain then. (*gets up*) Shake hands. (CINDERS *holds out right hand with glove on*, JACK *laughs*, CINDERS *pulls glove off*. They join hands) You win, I marry you and educate you up to my standard. I say, Cinders, if it does come off you will be a real live "lidy" after all. When my uncle dies I shall be a "bary-nite."

CINDERS. Lor', Mr. Warrenger. (*drops hand*)

JACK. (*drinking*) Here's health to the future "Lidy" H'Amely H'Ann Warrenger, otherwise Cinders.

CINDERS. Lor', Mr. War-ren-ter. (*steps nearer. Stuck*)

JACK. Well, I'll go and have a pitch down and wait

events. Good-morning, yer lidyship ! (bows, exit L. *laughing*)

CINDERS. (pause) 'E may larf—but 'e's a-breakin' 'is 'eart out fer all that ! an' I can't do nothing ter prevent it. (puts ticket in bib of apron) I only wish I was a fine lidy, with 'eaps er money. I know what I would do. I would marry 'im straight away ; if (sees portrait) it wasn't fer the other one. No, I can't do nothink 'cept light 'is fire. (postman's knock) Hello ! There's the postman. (letter drops in at letter box, door R., picks it up) Another letter for 'im. Wonder if it's any more bad noos ? If I thought as 'ow it was, I'd tear it h'up, or throw it be'ind the fire. Tain't a pinky h'envelope this time. Nor a blue one nither, but it may be bad noos fer all that. I'm a jolly good mind ter open it an' see. 'E let me read the other one—from 'er. Couldn't a been more privater and confidential than that. My ! it is open ! ain't been stuck down proper. I'll just 'ave a squint at it, an' if so be it's bad noos— (takes out letter) No, it ain't bad noos ; it's good noos. (breathlessly) It's from the lottery people, and 'e's won the prize, £1,000. 2422. That's the number of 'is ticket. (puts down letter, takes ticket off table) No, it ain't. (sadly, sudden thought, takes own ticket out of bib) It's the number (breathlessly) of the one 'e give me. He give it me fer luck, and 'e's been and gone and lost all that money—an' I've been an' gone an' won it ! (pause) I'm a jolly good mind ter (business of going to change tickets, sees photo, puts own ticket back in apron, gets up, and goes and looks after JACK door L.) 'E's 'avin' it out ter 'imself in there, an' I can't stand it no longer, so there ! (changes tickets, puts JACK'S in bib, own on table, snatches up letter) Mr. Warrenter ! Mr. Warrenter ! Sich good noos ! Sich good noos ! 'Ere's a letter from the lottery people. It's open, and you've been and won the prize.

Enter JACK, door L.

JACK. Won the prize ! (comes down to back of table) The thousand pounds. Great Scott ! (takes letter)

CINDERS. Yes, the thousand pounds. Now you'll be able ter pay yer debts, won't yer ?

JACK. Rather ! And if ever I touch a card again, may I be--and Milly ! (picks up photo) Why, Cinders, you don't seem half as glad as I thought you'd be.

CINDERS. But I am, Mr. Warrenter ! 'deed I am. A'most as pleased as if it was me meself. Hurray ! Hurray ! *(slight break in voice)*

JACK. Won the prize ! By Jove, it does seem almost too good to be true. No. 2422— *(stops short)*

CINDERS. What's the matter, Mr. Warrenter ? It *is* all right, ain't it ? No. 2422 'as won the prize, ain't it ? *(kneels one knee on arm-chair)*

JACK. Yes ! but that is not the number of my ticket. *(slowly)* It's the number of the one I gave you.

CINDERS. No, it ain't, Mr. Warrenter ! 'Ere's mine. *(taking it out of bib)* No. 2241, and *(pointing to one on table)* there's yours, No. 2422.

JACK. *(puts down letter, taking ticket off table)* Well, I could have declared— *(catches her eye)* Cinders, you have changed these tickets. *(JACK speaks slowly)*

CINDERS. *(excitedly)* No, I ain't. Ain't done nothink of the sort ! What'd I do a silly thing like that for ?

JACK. Cinders, you told me just now you told lies, awful black lies. You are telling one now. This is your ticket. I made sure of the number in case you won the prize. You have changed them, and given me the winning number.

CINDERS. *(recklessly)* Well, what if I 'ave. I took a fancy ter this one. It ain't cheatin', is it ? I did it before the post come in. Anyway, I can't 'ave two ; and there's mine. *(tears ticket up)* So there !

JACK. That makes no difference. This is your ticket. It is yours by right, and the prize along with it. I—I congratulate you, Cinders. *(puts ticket down on table)*

CINDERS. What's the good of congratatin' me ? The ticket ain't mine. You wouldn't 'ave give it me if so be as you'd a-thought it'd er won the prize.

JACK. Maybe not ! But that makes no difference either.

CINDERS. Look'ere, Mr. Warrenter, this ain't a question of lore. *(turning quickly)*

JACK. No, I know it isn't. It's that motherly little heart of yours again. You are trying to make me take the money because you know I want it, but I can't accept it. *(moves slowly down R. of table)*

CINDERS. Not even from me, Mr. Warrenter ?

JACK. Least of all from you, Cinders.

CINDERS. Oh, Mr. Warrenter, do take it ! Do ! *(picks up ticket and holds it out)*

JACK. Bless the girl ! You don't know what you are doing. Giving away £1,000 ! Why, it's a fortune to you as to me.

CINDERS. What's the good of a forchin ter me ? I shouldn't know what to do with it. If I was a lidy —(glances at *portrait*) but I ain't.

JACK. But there are others to think of, Cinders, besides yourself—your mother and father, and those half dozen hungry brothers of yours.

CINDERS. The boys is allus a-fightin' over their 'a-pennies as it is—and mother's rheumatics 'ud be orful bad if so be she didn't 'ave ter work sometimes, and farver—it 'ud be all Boxin' Days with farver, and the money 'ud all go in bailin' 'im art.

JACK. But you might be very happy, Cinders.

CINDERS. Me 'appy ! (slowly) 'Ow could I be 'appy with all that money, when I know'd as 'ow you was miserable, maybe ill, like yer was jest now (JACK turns sideways to audience; CINDERS goes up close beside him in front of table) a-breakin' yer 'eart out fer the want of it. I couldn't a-bear that, Mr. Warrenter. You take the money and pay yer debts, that's the only way as I'll be 'appy. (puts ticket into his hand at back of him)

JACK. I can't do it, Cinders. It's neither just nor right. It's downright robbing you.

CINDERS. No, it ain't. You gives it ter me, an' I gives it ter you. Where's the difference ? Nobody won't know. I shan't say nothink abart it. (taking *portrait* off table, and holding it round for him to see) If yer won't do it for my sake, Mr. Warrenter, maybe you'll do it fer 'ers. It's 'er as is askin' yer—not me. (slowly; slight break in voice)

JACK. Cinders, you're a brick. (turns)

CINDERS. Yer a-goin' ter do it, Mr. Warrenter ? (a little gasp; puts down *portrait*)

JACK. Yes, Cinders. But (hesitatingly) look here, it isn't only the money. Didn't I promise if you won to marry you and make a lady of you ?

CINDERS. (facing audience) Marry me ! With yer 'eart a-given all the time to Miss H'innercent Truth ? (points to *portrait*) That would be a bit too rediculous. (little laugh) Jest as if I didn't know yer was only a-jokin' ! (jerkily) Jest as if anythink 'ud make a lidy er me, and she was born (*portrait*) and bred ter be a

barynite's wife. I'm only—(*break, facing audience, hands hanging*) Cinders, as does yer fire fer yer.

JACK. All right, then. But, all the same, I do feel a cad!

CINDERS. Then don't you go and think anythink more abart it. I ain't a-goin' ter. (*kneels at fireplace*) I'm agoin' ter light this 'ere fire. (*left hand up on shelf*)

JACK. And I—I know what I'll do. (*puts on coat and hat*) It's a bit early, but I'll go round and see Milly, and tell her it's all right. Good-bye, Cinders. You have brought me luck, and no mistake. And look here, Cinders, here's half a crown for you. It's my last, but, by Joye, you deserve it. (*puts half-crown into hand on shelf*) And if you and Jem—

CINDERS. Don't say nothing abart Jem. I 'ates 'im, I does. I allus 'ated 'im, and na'—well, I 'ope as 'ow 'e don't come ter tea a-Sunday, that's all.

JACK. All right then. And look here, Cinders, clear up nicely, and put some cups and saucers on the table. I'll make Milly celebrate the occasion by coming round to tea. I say, Cinders, you are a "minstreling h'angel," if you don't look like one—a regular "h'art and h'arter." (*exit door R.*)

CINDERS. (*at fireplace*) 'E gives me 'arf a crarn. (*looking at it in hand*) I'd rather he'd— (*right hand across mouth and back*) And na' I s'pose they'll be married an' live 'appy ever afterwards. (*gets up; sits armchair*) I dunno what's come ter me. I was as jolly as a sandboy this mornin', and na'—na'—Feels as if there's been a big fire 'ere (*hand to heart*), and na' it's all gone art. What's the use of knowing yer've got a 'eart only because it's a-achin'! (*looks at portrait*) Marry me an' make a lidy o' me! It was only a joke, Mr. Warrenter, but oh! Mr. Warrenter—(*breaks down, cries, head on arms on table*) Mr. Warrenter! (*pause; gets up*) I don't think as 'ow I'll stay 'ere. I'll go away, and I'll come back presently, and lay the tea fer 'em. (*sees lilies; takes them out of glass and looks at them*) 'E bought 'em fer er! 'E'll be able ter buy 'er plenty more—na'! (*puts lilies inside bib, exit door R., slowly*)

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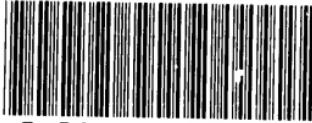
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